care not for't, he will supply us easily | If he covetously reserve it, how shalPs get it ?

2 THIEF. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *THIEF.* Is not this he ?

THIEVES. Where?

2 *THIEF.* 'Tis his description.

3 *THIEF.* He ; I know him.

THIEVES. Save thee, Timon.

TIM. Now/ thieves ?

THIEVES. Soldiers, not thieves.

TIM. Both too *;* and women's sons.

THIEVES. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

TIM. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat[5].

5 —you want much of MEAT.] Thus both the player and poetical editor have given us this passage: quite *sand-blind,* as honest Launcelot says, to our author's meaning. If these poor Thieves wanted *meat,* what greater want could they be cursed with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote:

"------you much want of *meet*"

i. e* Much of what you *ought to be* ; much of the qualities *be" fitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads :

"------you want much of *men"*

They have been all busy without necessity. Observe the series of the conversation. The Thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want.* Here is an ambiguity between *much want,* and *want of much.* Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their *greatest want iff,* that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, *Want ? why want ?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read:

** Your greatest want is, you want much *of me"* rejecting the two last letters of the word. The sense will then be—your greatest want is that you expect supplies of *me* from whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply for relief to one in my situation. **Dr.**